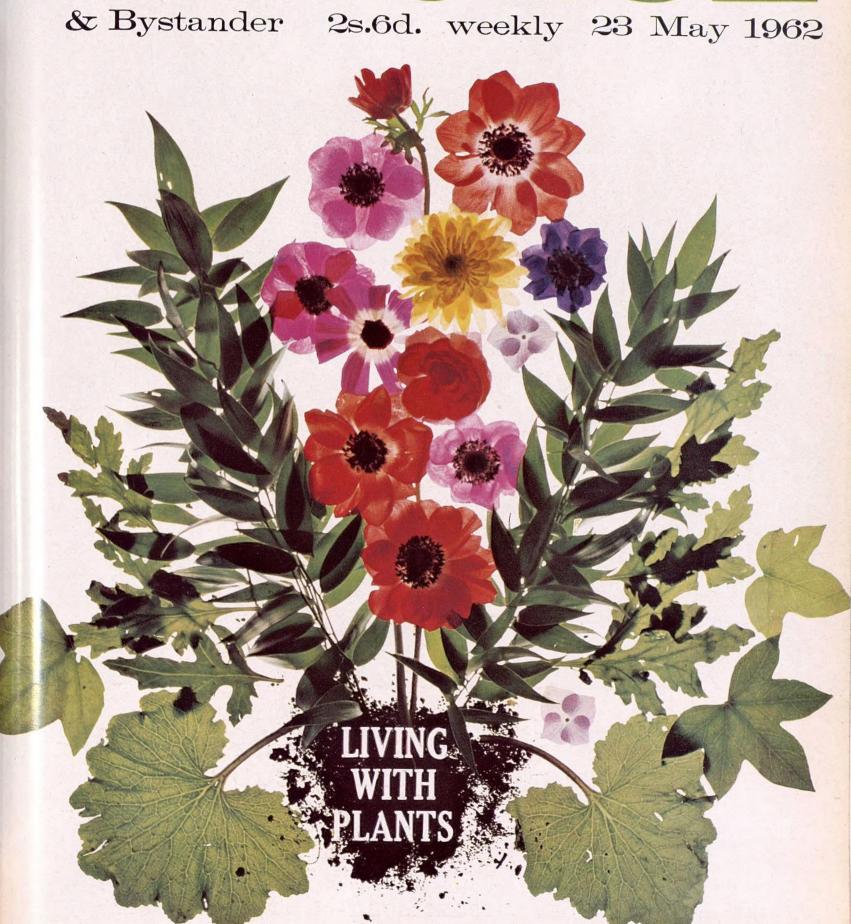
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Not a woman in sight-so how do mere men always produce a perfect cup of tea?

Mere men, perhaps, but all are tea experts. The man in the dark suit is Director in charge of Brooke Bond's buying and blending round the world. Flanking him are two blenders, the elder being in charge of all Brooke Bond's United Kingdom tea exports. The other two are senior tea buyers. Both joined Brooke Bond in their teens—and the one on the extreme

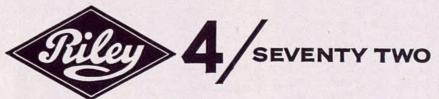
left spent 28 years in India. Between them, they've travelled the world, going wherever Brooke Bond teas are grown and to many of the countries where they're bought and enjoyed. Their years of experience and know-how of the tea trade make

them tea experts indeed. And the lad in front? He's still a novice—but all a novice needs is time and ambition to become an important part of Brooke Bond's proud tradition of giving you a perfect cup of tea every time.

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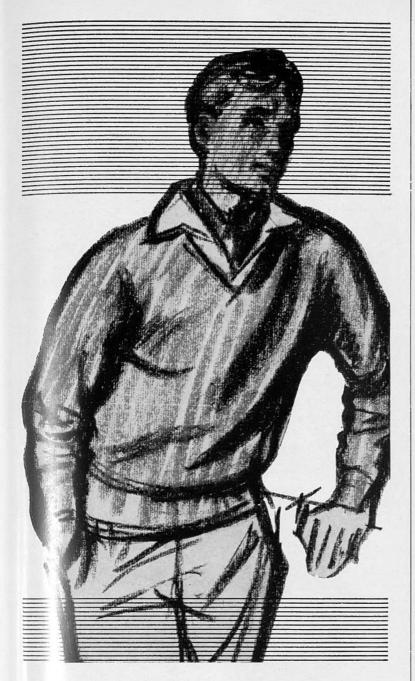
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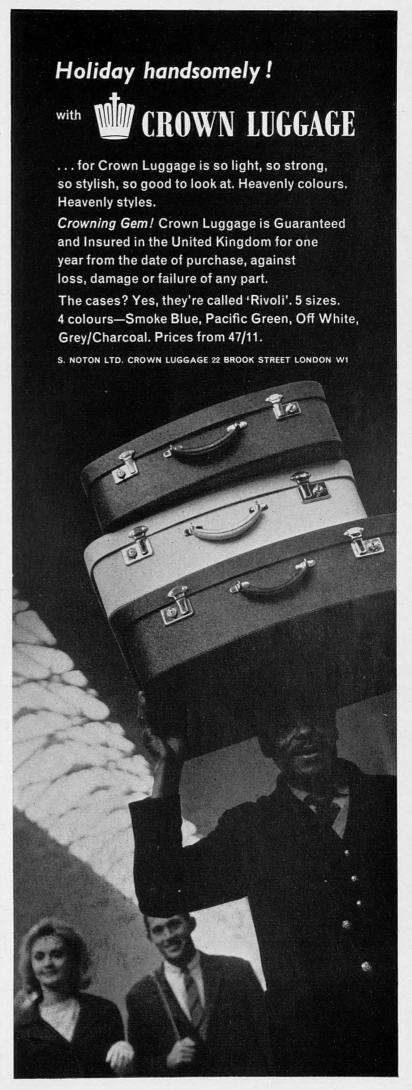


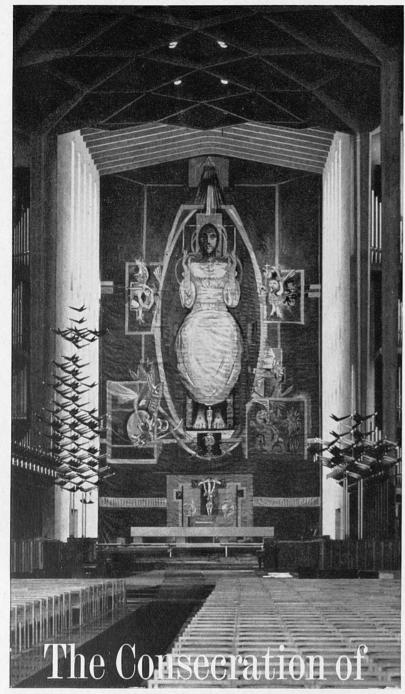
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Coventry Cathedral

To mark the occasion of the Consecration of Coventry Cathedral, this week's issue of "The Illustrated London News" includes a special 8-page supplement in FULL COLOUR. Among the many works of art illustrated are Graham Sutherland's tapestry "Christ in Majesty"; Epstein's bronze group "St. Michael and the Devil"; the baptistry window by John Piper; the mosaic in the Chapel of Gethsemane by Stephen Sykes and the font from Bethlehem . . . in addition to magnificent views of the Cathedral drawn by our special artist, Dennis Flanders . . . all in full colour! Demand for this issue will be heavy-you should order your copy from your newsagent, now.

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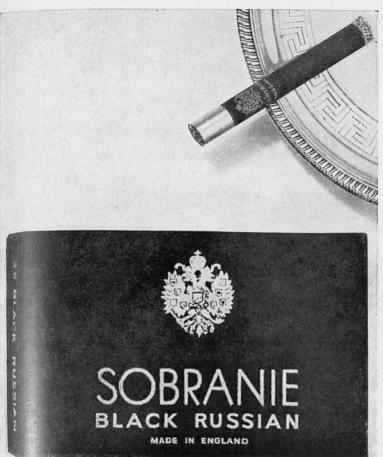
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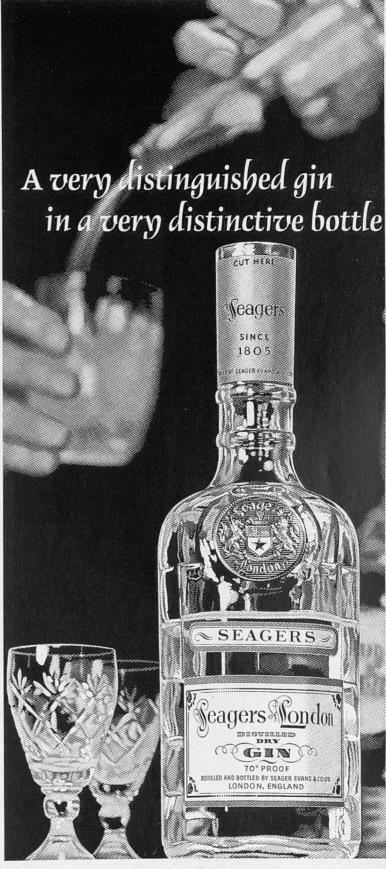


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23 MAY, 1962

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The language of flowers is precise and universal, no human occasion is complete without them, certainly no English spring. Tessa Grimshaw's floral cover heralds both the opening of the annual Chelsea Flower Show and her own photographic feature on Living with plants (page 490). Ilse Gray wrote the text. For more spring news from Chelsea turn to page 496 where Lord Kilbracken interviews a pensioner at the Royal Hospital. From spring to summer and some high season beauty spots— Elizabeth Dickson supplies them in the fashion section page 499 onwards

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SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen will attend the consecration of Coventry Cathedral, 25 May. Croquet: Oxford v. Cambridge croquet match, Hurlingham Club, 10.30 a.m., today.

Old Haileyburians Centenary Ball, Hurlingham Club. 25 May.

Garden Party, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, arranged by the William Morris Society, 3.30 p.m., 26 May. (Tickets, 3s. 6d., from Hon. Sec., 260 Sandycombe Road, Kew, Surrey.)

Princess Margaret & The Earl of Snowdon will attend the gala opening of *Take To The Hills* at the Scala, 29 May.

Air Ball, Dorchester, 29 May. (Tickets: Lady Burke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.)

Anglo-Italian Society dinner-dance, Savoy, 30 May. (Tickets from the Secretary, 12 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.)

"Mereworth Castle," lecture by Michael Tree, Esq., 6.15 p.m., 30 May, Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings, 55 Great Ormond Street, W.C.1. (Tickets, members 2s. 6d., non-members 3s. 6d. from S.P.A.B.)

View Day Ball, Hurlingham Club, 1 June, organized by St. Bartholomew's Hospital Students Union. (Double tickets, £4 4s. from Richard Petty, Esq., Abernethian Room, Barts, E.C.1.)

Aldershot Beagles Summer Hunt Ball,

Officers Club, Aldershot, 1 June, (Hon. Sec.: Michael Poland, Downlands, Liphook, Hants.)

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 11 a.m., 2 June.

St. Godric's College Summer Ball, May Fair Hotel, 2 June. (Tickets, £2 5s. from the Social Secretary, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3.)

The Derby, 6 June.

Grocers Hall Concert, by Yehudi & Hephzibah Menuhin, 8.30 p.m., 6 June, in aid of the Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables, Putney. (Tickets, £1 1s. to £5 5s. inc. champagne & light buffet, from Hon. Treas. Concert Committee, R.H.H.I., 2 Palace Road, Kingston-on-Thames.) Liberal Social Council dance & buffet supper at the Hurlingham Club, 6 June. (Tickets, 30s. inc. supper, from Miss Rita Smith, vic 7681.)

MAY & COMMEMORATION BALLS

Keble College, Oxford, Summer Ball, 1 June.

Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week Dance, 2 June.

Jesus Dance, Oxford Eights Week Ball, 2 June.

Cirencester Agricultural College May Ball, 8 June. (Tickets, £4 4s. from R. J. H. Rimmel, Esq., R.A.C., Cirencester, Glos.)

First & Third Trinity Boat Club May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Peterhouse May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Clare College May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Pembroke College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

St. John's College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June. (Tickets, £5 5s. for two inc. supper & champagne; £7 7s. for two inc. Ball Supper in Combination Room, from R. R. G. Moore Ede.)

Jesus College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

King's College May Ball, Cambridge, 20 June.

Queen's College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

University College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June. New College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball, 25 June.

Oriel College, Commemoration Ball, Oxford, 27 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Catterick Bridge, today; Windsor, today & 24; Lingfield Park, Thirsk, 25, 26; Worcester, 26; Lewes, 28; Leicester, 28, 29; Lincoln, 30, 31; Ripon, 30; Carlisle, 31 May. Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, 25, 26; Fakenham (W. Norfolk Hunt Meeting), 26 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. A Midsummer Night's Dream, 7.30 p.m. tonight. (cov. 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: Les Patineurs, Giselle, 24, 29 May, 1 June; The Sleeping Beauty, 26 June; Le Lac Des Cygnes, 28, 30 June; La Fille Mal Gardée, 31 June. 7.30 p.m.

"The Generation Of Music," modern classical music concert, Wigmore Hall, 3 p.m., 2 June, in connection with the International Modern Music Festival. (Tickets, 5s., 7s. 6d.)

County House Concert. Fenton House, Hampstead, 7.30 p.m., 28 May. Sadler's Wells Opera. The Mikado, 7.30 p.m., 29 May. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Artur Rubinstein (piano), 8 p.m., tonight; L.P.O., cond. Josef Krips, with Robert Casadesus (piano), 8 p.m., 24 May; Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Carlo Maria Giulini, with Jascha Heifetz (violin), 8 p.m., 25 May; Erroll Garner, 3 p.m., 26 May; Hallé Orchestra, cond. Sir John Barbirolli, with Pietro Spada (piano), 8 p.m., 26 May; Mr. Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band, 3 p.m., 27 May; Claudio Arrau (piano), 8 p.m., 28 May; Jorge Bolet (piano), 8 p.m., 29 May; London Mozart Players, cond. Harry Blech, with Annie Fischer (piano), 8 p.m., 30 May. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August. Ecole de Paris Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 17 June.

Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

Contemporary Japanese Prints, Arts Council Gallery, to 2 June.

Reco Capey Memorial Exhibition, Medici Gallery, to 2 June.

Antoine Poncet sculptures, Brook Street Gallery.

Leo Kahn paintings, Comedy Gallery, Oxendon Street, Haymarket, to 8 June.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. English & Continental silver & plate, 24 May; Chinese porcelain, Oriental carpets, 25 May; Objects of vertu, watches, & Fabergé, 28 May; Chinese porcelain, Ming lacquer, cloisonné, 29 May; Old Master paintings, 30 May; English & Continental silver & plate, 31 May. 11 a.m. (HyD 6545.)

Christie's. English & Continental furniture, 24 May; 19th-century pictures & drawings, 25 May; Italian majolica, stained glass & Renaissance objets d'art, 29 May; Printed books & MSS, 30 May; French & Continental furniture, 31 May. (TRA 9060.)

EXHIBITIONS

Dickens Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 30 May.

Travel Books Exhibition, National Book League, to 8 June.

Circle of Glass Collectors Commemorative Exhibition, Victoria & Albert, to 8 July.

Guild of Contemporary Bookbin ers, Foyles Art Gallery, to 26 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Victoria Palace, Black & White Minstrels, 25 May.

Rudolf Steiner Hall, Jazz Ballets, 27 May.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. Ask Mc No More, 28 May.

Old Vic, The Tempest, 29 May.

Lyric, Hammersmith, Come Back With Diamonds, 30 May.

Theatre Royal, Margate, The Three Musketeers, 1 June.

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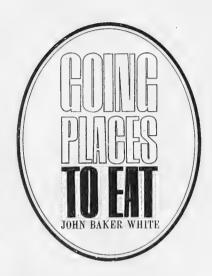
C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. =Wise to book a table.

The Balalaika, 10 Kenway Road, just by Earls Court Station. (FRO 3853.) Open for luncheon and dinner, including Sundays. Closed Mondays. I believe the balalaika, played so well in this restaurant by a cheerful young Russian from Paris, is the only one to be heard in public in London. The lady who plays the piano delightfully is, I believe, Polish. So is the restaurant's owner Niki: The food is, of course, Russian, so everything ties up. The cooking and wines are up to the high standard of Chez Luba; so is the "ambience." Prices? About the same; allow about 25s. to 30s. per head for food. Verdict on second visit: Well worth the journey West. W.B.

Ashoka Indian Restaurant, Cranbourn Street, by Leicester Square Station. A clean and modest establishment worth remembering if you want a curry before the theatre or cinema. An adequate set luncheon is 6s. 6d., dinner 8s. 6d. An individual curry, with trimmings, costs about 7s. 6d. The restaurant is fully licensed, and service is quick.

The Columns, 2a Duke Street, Manchester Square. Luncheon, Monday-Saturday, 12 noon-3 p.m. Dinner by candlelight. Monday-Friday, 6 p.m.-10 p.m. (WEL 1864.) Mr. Carlo Cescotti recently reopened his restaurant after redecoration. On the ground floor—next to Laytons Wine Bar—he is serving set price cold cuts from joint and bird, with salads,



cheeses, and wines and lager by the glass only. The restaurant downstairs will maintain the cosmopolitan menu and sound wine list for which it is well known. T. A. Layton's wine bar is a good place for a drink before the meal. He is one of the few wine merchants in London who has Montilla sherry.

Paris in Leeds

Queens Hotel, Leeds, Harewood Room. The decoration is of dignified opulence, and as elsewhere in this hotel, the flowers are beautifully done. The background of the menu is French, with a standard a Parisian would not complain about. The Sole Waleska, Sauce Nantua we had was, for example, excellent. The wine list is good, and we drank an admirable Bouchard Ainé 1955 Pouilly. It is not cheap; allow about 50s, with wine. This hotel has as well a large and comfortable grillroom. The meat in both restaurants is of high quality, and if you want cold ham for breakfast, you can have it without fuss.

Wine note

At the Gastronomic Week-end at Torquay's Imperial Hotel the house of Henri Maire-the same family, son following father, have been producing wines at Château Montfort at Arbois since 1632presented ten of them for our tasting. I liked particularly the Blanc de Blancs, Côtes du Jura; the Cendré de Novembre, Grand Vin Gris: the red Frédéric Barberousse, and the superb Château-Chalon, which, in my opinion, is best drunk cold as an aperitif. It is matured for a minimum of six years—we were tasting the 1959 bottling-and is naturally expensive. The other Jura wines, except the rich dessert Vin de Paille, compared with Imperial Tokay, are not. With the wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux rising steadily in price they should become increasingly popular. Asher Storey and Co. of 127 Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.3, who co-operated in this tasting, will tell you where to get these wines.

... and a reminder

Peter Evans Eating House, 115/121 Finchley Road, a few yards south of Swiss Cottage Station. (PRI 4990.) Well up to the standard of the other establishments in this group.

Le Carrose, 19 Elystan Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4248.) Dinner only and not on Sundays. David Hicks's elegant decor and good cooking to go with it.

Berkeley Banquette, Berkeley Hotel. (HYD 8282.) Open on Sundays. Replaces the old Grill Room, with the food up to the long-established high standard and Luigi Pelosi in charge.



Lisa Kirk, star of Broad ay musicals, is at The Talk of the Town, plus The Four Saints & at 10 p.m., Fantastico floor sow

CABARET CALENDAR

Pigalle (REG 6423). The Winit and Atwell Spectacular, lavish near show starring the coloured piants, featured artists and show girls also Mel Young, the American min Merries Club (WEL 5482). A Different Approach to Cabara with Nicholas Parsons and Lagrandall.

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). Noel Harrison, The Southlanders and supporting bill.

Society (REG 3174). Irene Delmar from Warsaw.

Room at the Top (ILF 5588). Nearing the Top, new-style cabaret with Noel Carter and Carole Shelley.

May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). In the Candlelight Room, Ray Ellington Quartet with Susan Maughan. Cabaret includes Boscoe Holder, Sheila Clarke and Fay Craig.

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Points north of Rome

GETTING OUT OF ROME BY CAR IS no less of a nightmare than it is in any other capital city. For the map-reading passenger, the situation is complicated by the fact that none of the one-way streets is marked as such (isn't it time, in these days of flyovers and underways, that the map designers got around to it?) and by protests from the driver: "I'm trying to drive . . . do take your fingers off the map. It's not a moot point, it's a sharp right turn. Can't you see where I've marked it with my thumb?" Yet, driving north after 45 minutes, neurosis subsides as one comes upon the first of the piled-up hill towns on the southern borders of Umbria: Sutri, and then Capranica. Here, sitting in the café Meraviglia just outside the old gates, we stopped to drink a half-bottle of wine that cost 11d., and to study the map in peace. A secondary yellow road followed the eastern shores of Lago di Vico to Viterbo, our first objective, and this we took in preference to the main one. Rightly, I believe: the vistas from the hills overlooking it are lovely, and I don't remember meeting another car



until we got to Viterbo itself. A residence of the Popes in 1257, Viterbo competed with Rome for over two centuries until the Papal court was established instead at Avignon. But the Papal Palace remains the most impressive single building, with its perfect sweep of shallow stone steps leading up to a series of lace-like cloisters. The district of San Pellegrino is the oldest and most picturesque, especially the Via delle Fabbriche (street of workshops) where the village blacksmiths still hammer away in vermilion-flared darkness while patient horses, tethered nearby, wait to be shod. Unfortunately, in these more obscure hill towns, the Italian Guide Michelin has failed to do quite as excellent a job as its French counterpart: we lunched adequately enough at its only listed restaurant, only to discover the Antico Angelo later on, and to see that it looked much nicer. These hill towns are not for hurrying through: they contain many treasures of the second rank (secondary, that is, to those of Siena, Assisi or Arezzo), and among other things it certainly pays to shop with your nose for the right place to lunch.

Montefiascone, an interesting town high above Lago di Bolsena, is worth a brief stop just to see the 13th-century church of St. Flaviano, which consists of two churches built one upon the other. But it is a mere hors d'oeuvres to Orvieto, 28 kilometres farther north. The road that coils around the hillside to its approach emphasizes its dramatic setting. From a distance it is a golden stone coronet of a town that erupts from a sweeping vale of brilliant green vineyards. It is built high on solid rock, with strange outcroppings of bright plants growing through every other cranny and sometimes with windows hacked into the stone (remnants of dungeons? wine cellars? or dwelling places? I never knew). White oxen slowly pace the fields below it, and women who carry water pitchers on their heads tread through its narrow streets; streets that echo with those sounds peculiar to small Italian towns: the shallow clangour of church bells and the light, high-pitched buzz of Vespas.

The most famous monument of Orvieto is its Duomo: black-&white striped with several translucent alabaster windows, it was built by the architect, Maetani, who built the Duomo in Siena. In its west chapel are frescoes by Fra Angelico, Lippo Memi and Lucca Signorelli. Its façade is adorned with lovely mosaics, including mosaic-lined twisted stone columns like those of Monreale, in Palermo. All of them can be contemplated anew from the Terrazo Belvedere, in the Piazza, where one would, I believe, feed well. I had time only to try a fiasco (a flask, not a disaster) of the local wine, which happens also to be one of Italy's most famous.

There are Etruscan remains in Orvieto as well as in Viterbo and many of the villages nearby. But none is so famous or so well preserved as those of Tarquillia, just above the main coast road about 50 miles north of Rome.

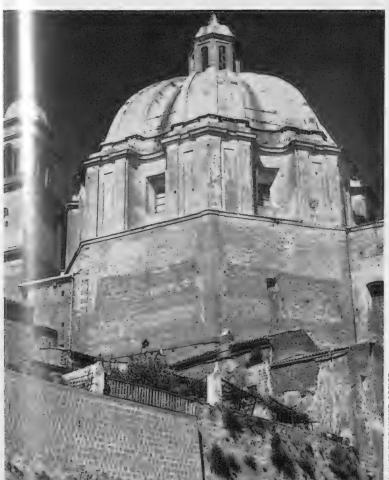


The Papal Palace at Viterbo, showing the steps leading to the cloisters

The Etruscan civilization of the 3rd and 2nd centuries B.C. is one of the great archaeological mysteries. When the Romans came to full power, however, it is known that they destroyed all traces of Etruscan writings, fearing this older and richer civilization which, even to the unpractised eye, owed so much to Greece and even, possibly, to Egypt. In the museum, which is housed in the glorious early Renaissance Vitelleschini Palace, the Etruscan vases are shaped and decorated like the Minoan ones of Crete. The Etruscan tombs, outside the city, were by all accounts built on the same principle as the Egyptian ones at Luxor: elaborately frescoed and containing all the treasures of the living. The figures which have been taken from the tombs and put in the museum all recline on one elbow. They look amazingly alert, as though caught in conversation, and the impression on walking into a roomful of them is of interrupting a ghostly salon whose participan s are waiting for more wine to | poured.

I ack to the pleasures of the livi grapproaching the city from the main road, there are two outdoor restaurants just inside the main gates, both with a view of the Palazzo and the flat sea of plains leading to the coast. At Velca, the right hand one, we lunched off a classic *zuppa di pesche*, with fore-&-after trimmings and limitless wine for less than 30s.: a clue to the astonishing value one was to find in the rest of this unexploited part of Italy.

Hertz Rent-A-Car proved, once again, to be one of the most efficient firms in the car-hire field. A Fiat 600, complete with instructress, awaited us at Fiumicino Airport and the formalities took less than three minutes. And on our hurried departure to catch the plane, a mere signature sufficed for turning it in again. The cost of petrol for five days' motoring was 30s., having started with a full tank as part of the hire contract. Rates for the Fiat are £1 3s. 3d. a day, or £6 8s. 8d. a week, plus 6d. a kilometre. Worth noting, at a time when flights are fully booked, as during Bank Holidays, that airlines other than the obvious ones take you to Rome. Middle East Airlines is a case in point, and I admired their efficiency in having a ground hostess to greet passengers at the airport, assist in hotel reservations and act as interpreter.



Church of St. Margherita at Montefiascone, above Lago di Bolsena



Viterbo landmark: The tower of the Palazzo del Podestà





PHOTOGRAPHS: ERICH 1 "BACH



GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

Totem images Roy Evans, Joyce Blair & Bernard Cribbins (left) in a scene from Little Mary Sunshine, a burlesque of old-time operetta at the Comedy Theatre. Top: Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau, who will give the last of his present series of recitals at the Royal Festival Hall on 28 May. Above: Sir Arthur Bliss conducting a rehearsal of his cantata The Beatitudes. It will have its premiere at the Coventry Festival this month

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NUMBER ONE GARDENER



Lord Aberconway is a man whose name means gardens. Appropriately Barry Swaebe photographed the new President of the Royal Horticultural Society in the garden of his home at Bodnant with Lady Aberconway and their son, the Hon. Michael McLaren. At 3½ the youngest Aberconway already tends his own plot and is also trying to grow an oak tree from an acorn in a pot on his nursery window sill. Muriel Bowen describes her visit to the Aberconway house and garden on page 479

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER



Host, Mr. Paul Getty, with Lady Wenham



General Lauris Norstad addresses the meeting

NATO'S Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, General Lauris Norstad, talked to the English Speaking Union's Guildford & District branch at Sutton Place, home of Mr. Paul Getty, other cocktails and a dinner party with Sir Lionel & Lady Heald at their Chilworth Manor home



Brigadier Sir James & Lady Gault. He was the first chairman of the E.S.U. Guildford branch



Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., M.P., and his granddaughter Henrietta Heald watch arrivals



Lady Heald, chairman of the Guildford branch of the E.S.U., and Mrs. Lauris Norstad

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

THE REMARKABLE THING ABOUT LORD Aberconway as new President of the Royal Horticultural Society and hence Britain's best-known gardener, is that he fulfils in his own right a distinction his father held before him. That's a rare achievement even in a nation of gardeners but perhaps the versatility of his background helps. For Lord Aberconway comes of a family who in science, politics and business have spread leaves, buds and shoots with the speed of the famous beanstalk.

The Aberconway gardens at Bodnant (best visited in April and May) are world famous. Lord Aberconway had his own "garden" there from the age of five. "I remember it well," he told me. "The first things I managed to grow were wallflowers." And nothing would probably delight the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society more, I feel, than to see his 3½-year-old son, Michael, working in his "garden" in just the same way. Lady Aberconway told me: "We don't force him in any way. He's become interested walking round the gardens with us." He would like to grow an oak tree so his nanny has put an acorn in a pot in the nursery for him. Father though is dubious. "I think he'll fine his cabbage seeds do much better!"

Grdening at Bodnant is a family affair. WI n rhododendrons and camellias are to be ext bited in London Lord Aberconway, his and Mr. Puddle the head gardener spend wii whole days selecting and picking suitable tw ble ns and then stay up half the night packing. e family, though, don't take their garden eriously. And they like to play a game tor I "Bo," a sort of hide and seek, round the hedges. Lord Aberconway invented it as ves a clild but all ages join in, a sort of family game President Kennedy's family football. like Ne less to say the family play it best, but Aberconway before her marrige once Lac the assembled McLarens. "I could not out afterwards what I had done to them," she eealls. "The McLaren faces looked as if they had lost a war."

The Aberconways live mostly in London but they don't garden there ("London cats are worse on gardens than Welsh sheep!"). Lord Aberconway's business interests, which include the chairmanship of John Brown, builders of the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary, are mostly in London. He is pretty certain to enjoy his sojourn as President of the Royal Horticultural Society. "Gardeners are very nice people to work with, most congenial . . . and we're not rooted in tradition and prejudice at the R.H.S. We change any established practice that should be changed." The move to the suburbs has helped gardening. R.H.S. membership has doubled to 64,000 in a few years.

ASCOT TABLE TALK

What do people whose names are household words talk about over dinner? Right now a

favourite topic-with the Royal Meeting only a couple of weeks away-is the proposed new stand in Ascot's Royal Enclosure. Some people think it will be in use when steeplechasing starts next year but that's impossible now. The Royal Meeting of 1964 is a much more likely bet. There is an impression in certain quarters that somebody isn't happy about the envisaged shape of things to come. That could well be. Though other meetings such as York are more pleasant for spectators, Ascot is unique in one respect, it is superbly English. The new stand could harm this image. But it will surely be the wish of everybody who has ever gone racing at Ascot that whatever is eventually decided will enhance rather than mar the charm of the surroundings.

Last year's new stand in the Grand Enclosure gives a magnificent view of the racing but people who know a great deal about these things have criticized it, and hope for improvements when it is extended into the Royal Enclosure. I've heard from one horse's mouth that a stand similar to the superb best of American meetings—with tiered and luxurious restaurant and sitting-rooms overlooking the course—has been discussed in connection with the new Royal Enclosure stand. It would take a brave man and shrewd financier to face the capital outlay, but what joy it would be for spectators.

Nobody is more keenly interested in everything that goes on at Ascot than the Queen. Her interest must be the best assurance that the unique qualities of Ascot will survive.

N.A.T.O. AT GUILDFORD

Going to Guildford for the evening sounds like a pleasantly quiet change. But for Gen. Lauris Norstad & Mrs. Norstad who flew in from Paris to spend the last few hours of the day at Guildford it was much more hectic. A screaming motor cycle escort-standard equipment in all N.A.T.O. countries for the Supreme Allied Commander-whisked them through an otherwise quiet countryside. At Chilworth Manor (pictures opposite), home of Sir Lionel Heald, M.P., & Lady Heald (as chairman of the Guildford branch of the Englishspeaking Union she master-minded the evening) there was a cocktail party. Not much time though to twiddle the swizzlesticks with dinner at 6.45 p.m.

Then a drive to Mr. Paul Getty's Sutton Place where the General made a speech in the library. The assembled countryside smiled happily as they waited for the meeting to begin. They did have room to breathe, and there were congratulations for the organizers. After the speech, more refreshments, the Guildford E.S.U. acting as hosts in Mr. Getty's house. Those who had come to hear the General included the Earl of Onslow, Mr. Robert Wilson & the Hon. Mrs. Wilson, Brigadier & Mrs. F. J. Allen, and Sir John & Lady Wenham. Lady Heald had about 20 to dinner at Chilham Manor and they too came on

to Sutton Place. Mr. Harold Watkinson, M.P., Minister of Defence, & Mrs. Watkinson were there, also Brigadier Sir James & Lady Gault (it was he who persuaded the General to come over), Mr. Kirk Underhill over from San Francisco & Mrs. Underhill, Sir Evelyn Wrench, Lady Gibson, and Mr. Getty. Those in to cocktails beforehand included Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Baker, Miss Minnie Hotter who is off to the U.S. for a visit in the autumn, Major J. Mostyn, and Miss Margaret Thorne who had a buffet supper party at Whitworth to which many people went on.

THE BUNNY BRIDE

The Queen went to the wedding reception of the Hon. Dominic Elliot & Countess Bunny Esterhazy (see picture on page 519) at Lord Astor of Hever's house in Carlton House Terrace, but had to leave early for another engagement without picking up the 2-ft. furry bunny that was a present from the bride and groom to Prince Andrew. But the Prince got the bunny safely; Princess Margaret took it for him and she was also given another one the same size for her son Viscount Linley.

There were bunnies of all shapes and sizes, and they were the idea of Mr. Arpad Plesch, the bride's stepfather. There were also 31 live ones that were later taken home by the guests to their children and grandchildren in special boxes with perforated tops. Mr. Adrian & Lady Mary Bailey were among the people who watched the rabbits, fascinated.

Wedding guests included, the Earl & Countess of Minto, Lady Elizabeth Ramsay, Miss Georgina Scott, Lord & Lady Astor of Hever, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Hon. Gavin & Lady Irene Astor, Miss Virginia Lyon, Miss Madeleine Rampling, and Mr. Billy Guinness. Also enjoying the party, which they had put so much work into, were Lady Elizabeth Anson and the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis whose party planning business (started a year ago) grows all the time. "People used to think of us as just debs, but now they are taking us much more seriously," Miss Scott-Ellis told me.

RECEPTION AT A PALACE

Miss Susanna Ormerod, daughter of the Countess of Caithness, was the outstandingly pretty bride of Mr. Peter Allfrey at St. James's Church, Piccadilly (picture on page 518). The reception was at St. James's Palace lent by the Queen—the bride's stepfather, the Earl of Caithness, is her Factor at Balmoral. There was a huge crowd waiting to be received when I arrived and it was amusing to find that the most animated topic of conversation was the ease with which they had parked their cars! A wedding reception at St. James's Palace rates a special sticky label enabling motorists to park on the ride just off the Mall. It was a day for hats. Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort had the scene

COCKTAILS FOR FOUR



Miss Judy Porter and Mr. Paul Orssich



From left: Mr. Simon Philips, Miss Susan Orssich and Miss Phillipa van Straubenzee who is dancing the Twist with her father Lt.-Col. Henry van Straubenzee



Mr. Nigel Pollitzer takes a Twisting leap. His partner: Miss Anthia Churchill Simmonds



Mr. Christopher Round, Miss Angela Berkeley-Owen, and Miss Sheila Tennant. Above right: Mr. Blair Hesketh, Miss Penny Hart, Mr. Richard Rowley and Miss Rosemary Giles. Right: Miss Deborah Vivian and Mr. John Taylor





Countess Orssich and Mrs. Henry van Straubenzee gave a joint cocktail dance at 6 Hamilton Place for their daughters, Susan Orssich and Philippa van Straubenzee



Miss Algie Davies and Mr. Gervase Hulbert





Left: Mr. Christopher Turville Constable Maxwe'l & Miss Odile Gommes. Far left: Mr. Charles Moray and Miss Lyn Howard



Miss : undra Gunning and Mr. Rufus Gunning

Mrs. Alastair Gunning gave'a cocktail party for her sister-in-law, Miss Sandra Gunning, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Rufus Gunning, at the Cavalry Club



Mrs. Alastair Gunning, the hostess, and Mr. Julian Byng. Left: Mr. John Cox and Miss Felicity Rowley

HOTOGRAPHS: FALCON

MURIEL BOWEN continued

stealer of the day, a shoulder length black nun's veiling with a white rose perched on the top of her head. Other guests included, Sir Guy & Lady Thorold, Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Ormerod, Mr. Carel & the Hon. Mrs. Mosselmans, Rear Adm. Sir Edward & Lady Rebbeck, Mr. Hugh Myddelton and Lady Hodson.

COCKTAILS AT THE CAVALRY

Youngest and one of the most accomplished debutante party hostesses of the season is 19-year-old Mrs. Alastair Gunning (the former Virginia Campbell-Johnson). Deputizing for her mother-in-law Mrs. John Gunning, she gave a cocktail party for the coming of age of her husband's brother, Rufus, and the coming out of his sister, Sandra. Brigadier & Mrs. John Gunning are at present in Nigeria where he is Commandant of the Military Training College at Kaduna. They will return in time to give a dance for Sandra on 8 October.

The cocktail party was at the Cavalry Club. Girls who came out from 1959 onwards, and their escorts, accounted for an even worse traffic jam than usual outside the club. Girls who have come out in the last few years included; Miss Annabel Legard, '59, and now making a niche in show jumping; Miss Odile Gommes, '61, who is learning Russian with hopes of a job in Moscow; Miss Sarah Rashleigh Belcher, '60, who gets married later this year; and Miss Patricia Evetts, '60, clever granddaughter of Lord Ismay, who is now reading history at Oxford, and has recently taken over as secretary of the Oxford University Drag Hunt. Young marrieds at the party included Mr. & Mrs. Richard Baker Wilbraham, Mr. & Mrs. Brian Johnston, and Mr. & Mrs. Tom Hodder-Williams.

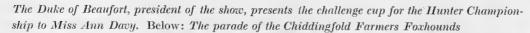
Another recent coming out party was a joint cocktail dance given by Countess Orssich and Mrs. Henry van Straubenzee for their daughters, Miss Susan Orssich and Miss Phillipa van Straubenzee. The girls are school friends.

The dance was at 6 Hamilton Place, and the decor of amusingly shaped fish, mermaids and giant sea shells was the work of decorator Charles Bone. Countess Orssich told me: "The whole thing was the girls' idea. We were to have a cocktail party but Susan said it would be awfully boring just to stand about having drinks." Guests included Miss Suki Marsham-Townshend, Miss Clarissa Kindersley, Mr. Nigel Elwes, Mr. Michael Cox, Mr. Simon Barrow, Miss Susan Morley, Miss Amanda Howard, and Mr. Hugh Cecil.

THE BALL PLANNERS

At Londonderry House (nowadays with a For Sale notice tied to the railings) Lady Burke had a cocktail party to announce plans for the Air Ball to be held at the Dorchester on 29 May. Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty promised a "fabulous" display of furs. There were ticketbuying emissaries from people like Sir Isaae Wolfson, and promises of champagne by the case.

Arabs, cobs, hacks and hunters, harness horses, polo ponies and children's ponies, police mounts and fourin-hands showed their paces before the judges at the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the castle grounds







HORSES AT THE CASTLE



Miss Susan Fowler rode in the Ladies' Hunter Class



The Hon. Lady Hardy and Lady Stanier judged the Ladies' Hunter Class



Miss J. Talbot-Clayton rode in the Hunter Class

The members' enclosure on the first day





Lady Mary Rose Williams and Miss Ann Townsend



Mr. Dorian Williams, M.F.H. of the Whaddon Chase, and Mrs. J. Whiteley who was a judge for the dressage events



The Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert and her father Viscount Knutsford, who was a referee in the Hunter & Working Hunter Classes

Lunch in the country

The luncheon at Anstey Hall, Coventry, home of Mr. & Mrs. Derric Stopford Adams, was organized by the Warwickshire Branch of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association



The Hon. Mrs.
Henry Feilding
and Mrs. Paul
Hyde-Thomson



Members of the Warwickshire branch brought and bought plants



Mrs. R. Marriott and Miss Juliet Brackenbury



Lady Lyons, Mrs. M. S. Harley and Mrs. D. A. Worthing



The Countess of Denbigh, president of the Warwickshire Committee of the Association, Mrs. Derric Stopford Adams and Lady Heald

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE BOWN

Champagne crashes on the first boat to be launched from the Agamemnon yard at Buckler's Hard, Hants, since 1812. Then it was a frigate of the line for service against the French. Today it is an architect-designed folkboat for which Michael Pattrick designed a special sliding coach roof to allow more people to enjoy a day's sailing. She has a Scandinavian hull in mahogany, all from the same tree. The Schie Hallion—that's Gaelic for Magic Maid—promises a . . .



NEW LIFE FOR BUCKLER'S HARD





Right: The Marquess & Marchioness of Queensberry. Below: Francesca Pollock, the owner's four-year-old daughter. Below, right: Buying ship's stores at Mrs. Martin's shop at Buckler's Hard. It is the only shop for five miles around, sells everything from scampi to ship's twine







Mrs. Philip Pollock, the owner's wife, who launched the Schie Hallion with Mr. David Parkes who owns the Agamemnon Boatyard

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Adam Pollock, 18-month-old son of the owner, supervises operations over nanny's shoulder with the aid of a whistle on a lanyard



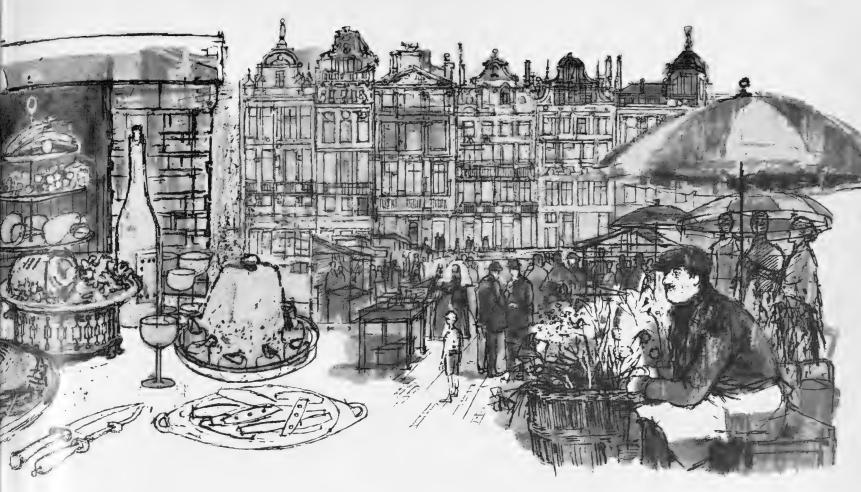


Common Market Manners

Mary Malcolm, who recently v sited "The Six," informs on the ocial niceties which the executive's wife will want to know—this week Bru sels, next week, the rest

PERHAPS RATHER SHOCKINGLY MY MOS. VIVID memory of a week in Brussels is of food. Food in all its aspects. The solid food on sale in the shops, pâtés and pigs' feet in jelly, sausages and pigs' ears in brine. Children and grown-ups munching chips from cornets bought at street corner kiosks, and of two well-dressed women shoppers enjoying a gossip over a mid-morning glass of beer at a marble-topped counter.

Brussels, as everyone knows, is the headquarters of the Common Market and there are many reminders of this. The EUR number plates on the ears belonging to the various Commissions and allied organisations, the splendid new buildings which the Belgians are putting up to house this rapidly expanding community, and the rush to rechristen everything from a supermarket to a swimming pool "Eurosomething." But for all this and in spite of the fact that there are so many underpasses and flyovers that it is now a town on two levels, Brussels remains the same cosy place that it has always been. A town where the citizens dress sensibly for the climate, which is as unpredictable as ours, and go about their business soberly; a town where the police don't blow whistles and shout and where, in certain circles, everyone knows just exactly what you were doing, where and with whom, last night.



SUSAN EINZIG

Bru sels society has always prided itself on its Englis ways. It speaks excellent English, with a tend ey to use phrases like "old fellow" and "I'll to dle along now" which ring strangely in rs. Most families have at least one child one's called ddy, Freddy or Cynthia, pronounced in the Er ish way. It would, however, be a mistake to inv. ne that their social habits and customs are al modelled upon ours. They are not, althou in some ways they resemble life as it in England before the first world war.

was Iiv delgians frequently entertain in their The excelle restaurants because unless there is at least of maid capable of cooking and waiting at table no one likes to ask friends to their house. Eating in the kitchen is unheard of. Even an invitation to dine en famille is liable to prove an affair of candles, crystal glasses and a whiteja teted manservant; a grand diner (for which a black tie is essential) is a formidable function. There are name cards and no general conversation even after dinner, so that whether or not you are stuck with the same two people for the evening depends entirely upon the skill of your hosts in playing General Post with the party. Dinner takes a long time. There are usually four or five courses, most of which are served in two halves, each one being handed twice. You will only get half of half a bird the first time, the leg and thigh following in the second round. It is as well to know this, especially if you are sitting in the place of honour and being served first. Always take your second helping, everyone else will. Sherry, tomato juice, or what is known as "un dry" are offered before

dinner; at dinner you will drink two or three different wines, including probably a glass of port with the sweet. This, I discovered, is not the same variety as that which gave Grandpapa gout, but a light "porto" which is pleasantly sweet. The ladies rise as soon as the last mouthful of soufilé has been swallowed and adjourn to the drawing-room where they are joined by the gentlemen for coffee. You will not be offered an opportunity to "powder your nose." And unless you are the most senior guest present you must not dream of leaving first.

The next morning you send the "thank you" flowers, accompanied by a little note, preferably written by your husband. The flowers in Brussels are lovely and although the flower market has been moved from the Grand' Place there are still a few stalls on the cobbles to delight the eye. The town abounds in flower shops, the flowers are not expensive and the florists will all deliver immediately for no extra charge.

Intending visitors to Brussels should remember that most of the streets and pavements are still cobbled and if your stiletto heels survive these then they will catch in the tram lines. It is a pleasant town in which to walk about for it is not too big and there are plenty of attractive corners which it would be a pity to miss, but baby heels or "flatties" are an absolute essential, as is an umbrella. The smart antique shops in the Boulevard de Waterloo are lovely and some of the best shops are opposite in the Avenue de la Toison d'Or and in the Avenue Louise which leads away from it. I had my hair done in the Avenue Louise. It cost 225 Belgian francs, plus

50 Belgian francs which I gave to the hairdresser and his two minions. It seemed reasonable, and the job was well done.

If, after an afternoon of walking about, you should feel in need of an alcoholic drink you will be surprised at the number of bars which upon closer inspection turn out to be clubs with imposing brass plates announcing the fact. My husband and I were puzzled to find that the "Anglo-American Club, for members only," had its premises in our hotel, but the porter explained that this is a façade necessitated by the fact that the public sale of alcohol is forbidden in Belgium. To become a member you just walk in.

Another strange law is that which governs the hailing of taxis. No taxi is allowed to stop when hailed if there is a rank within reasonable distance. You must walk to the rank. What I was unable to discover is how the visitor to Brussels is supposed to know the location of all the cab ranks in town. In any case taxis are expensive and the chauffeurs are a surly lot—or so the Belgians say—so it is better to walk.

Should you find yourself in either Bruges or Antwerp there is much to see and to enjoy, and you should visit the Duc de Bourgoyne, in Bruges, where the windows look out over the little canal and where the food is excellent. In Antwerp don't miss a new hotel and restaurant, the Nautilus. It is about eleven kilometres outside the town at the mouth of the docks and you can watch the ships passing as you cat your lunch beside a huge window looking across the windswept, flat landscape which is so characteristic of this part of Belgium.



LIVING WITH PLANTS

Indoor plant enthusiasts are a fast-growing species. The day of the temperate jungle is here and the right place for it is inside the house. The problem is to promote its growth. Some water, feed and prune by the book while carefully checking room temperatures. Others seem to ignore all the rules, yet their plants thrive equally. So what's the secret? Ilse Gray and photographer Tessa Grimshaw visited six homes to find out. Their conclusion: the basic essential is a real love for what you produce —just like cooking or bringing up children. But you do need a little know-how and some common sense as well. Given that and sufficient space you could even have a shot at a palm tree



Mrs. Alfred deman lives with a double im . Her plants are reflected in a suge mirror which gives a jui ly effect (above) and include 'yperus Curtissii, Polmiea Menziesii, Tradescantia, Clivia. Cissus antarctica and Rhoicissus rhomboidia. To counteract dryness in the atmosphere, she stands them on flat stones (found on a Cornish beach) in a water-filled zinc tray and sprays the leaves frequently. On the window sill (opposite) overlooking Well Walk, Hampstead, a chemist's bottle full of red water slands next to a Chlorophytum. Mrs. Nieman is a dress designer, her husband is a Guildhall Professor of Music and they have two boys, "Seedlings are the things that excite me most" she said and to prove her success she has a citrus in flower

Mrs. Norman Jones lives with the same plants for years in her house at Claygate, though her greenhouses-she's a professional grower-could provide different ones every day. She says many people make the mistake of trying to grow plants not suited to their homes; "it's wise to know the temperature and atmosphere of the room first." She and her husband started Elm Garden Nurseries ten years ago with 18 plants from Denmark. They grow many varieties ("far too many, I feel") but are known particularly as African violet specialists-Mrs. Jones has written a book about them. Her most recent book House Plants will shortly be published by Penguin

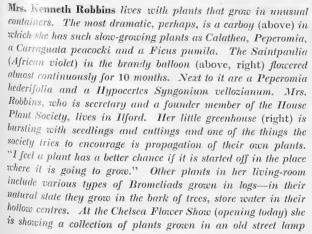




Capt. Arthur Stanley Jones (left) lives with cacti-20,000 of them keep him occupied. A retired soldier he started growing them over 10 years ago-ever since someone first gave him one. Now he has 800 different species ranging from 12 ft. to only 3 or 4 inches high. He and his wife live in Normandy, near Guildford, and though they have some cacti in the house, most of them are kept in two large greenhouses. Specimens seen with him include an Opuntia, or Prickly Pear, which is about 14 years old and looks like the feet of something from outer space. "They grow edible fruit, but mine have never ripened." Capt. Jones also has a cactus approximately 130 years old-an Ariocarpus which was sent to him by air from Mexico about 10 years ago









Mrs. John Sommerfield (painter Molly Moss) lives with treesvery tiny ones. She is proud of her two lemon trees, one eight years old, which she grew from pips. "I found them sprouting on the compost heap. There's also a peach tree in the garden which grew from a stone." She and her writer husband have collected various plants on their travels and keep most of them in a glass-covered veranda room next to the kitchen. What used to be a sash window between the two rooms has been removed (right) and pots on the sill include a Clivia and a lemon. (The painting is one of her own.) Among those looking out on the garden (below) is a Bilbergia, and another Clivia. The cactus comes from Portugal. In summer a screen of runner beans outside throws a cool green light into the room





Mrs. Michael Wickham lives with a Tetrastigma Vioneir na, or Chestnut Vine, which eager to grow into the kichen (opposite) that it has pushe out a pane of glass and has he firmly and regularly cut ick. The heated greenhouse is ery much part of the house :car Parliament Hill Fields. built on to one wall and e as opening into the kitche you can look into it through irge window from the living om, The gigantic leaves on Wickham's left belong to a tsa. or banana palm, and beha is a tank full of goldfish. Irs. Wickham, who is a designand her photographer husbanare two daughters. They are water-when-they-look-as-i 'ieyneed-it school and don't orry much about temperatur or draughts: but though heir they approach seems casual, have a sure touch and heir plants thrive on it



Pride of the Lancers

On Chelsea's big day—the opening of the annual Flower Show—Lord Kilbracken talks to an old soldier whose uniform sets time and place more certainly than any other

SERGEANT MAJOR ARCHIBALD Anderson, whose benign features you may discern on the opposite page, joined the 12th Royal Lancers as a lad of 18 in the summer of '97. That makes him 83. For the past 5 years, he has been a Chelsea Pensioner; or, as he himself would more probably say, an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital-the fine Wren building in the background of the picture. I met him there recently when I went to look round at the invitation of Brigadier Cuddon, the Hospital Adjutant, who most kindly put his morning at my disposal. The pensioner with his scarlet coat and jingling medals is so much a part of the London sceneor of my London scene, anyway-that I felt the time had come to find out more about him; and the brigadier had picked out Anderson as a typical representative of the 397 warriors who are today in residence.

The Hospital, I was not surprised to learn, was founded-in 1682 by Charles II-on the model of the Hôtel des Invalides, of which the monarch had received glowing reports from his son, the Duke of Monmouth. The Invalides had been founded a dozen years earlier by Louis XIV. The hope had then been that the Hospital would accommodate almost all army veterans who had "become unfit for duty" after 20 years' service or as a result of wounds. With the steady and progressive growth in the size of the standing army, this quickly became impossible, and monetary pensions were therefore introduced for those—the Out-Pensioners, now numbering over 50,000—who could not be accepted at Chelsea.

What qualifications are nowadays necessary to secure admission? Let us consider Anderson's case history, though in some respects, as will be seen, it is exceptional. He went with his regiment to South Africa in 1899, and remained there till 1902, winning the Queen's Medal (with no fewer than six engagement bars) and also the King's Medal. The Lancers went direct from South Africa to India, where Anderson, after four years of regular soldiering, became stable superintendent to the great Lord Kitchener when still only a private. He went one better still in 1910, as stable superintendent to the Viceroy himself, with up to 100

horses in his direct care. He was to hold this position for 21 years, under such as the Earl of Minto, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viscount Chelmsford, the Marquess of Reading and Viscount Goschen. Anderson had been promoted Sergeant on entering the viceregal service; he left the army in 1921, and continued for a decade in the same responsible post as a civilian.

By 1931, it was no less than 32 years since he had last seen Britain. He was 52 and married, with two daughters in their teens; the time had come, they now decided, to go home. After a brief visit to Anderson's native Edinburgh—"We couldn't stand the climate there after India"-the family came south to London; here, with the help of Lord Reading, he obtained a post as office keeper (as internal messengers are known) in the Secretary of State's department at the Foreign Office. He remained in it 18 years. It was his proud boast, several times repeated to me, that he had "never missed a day" during his long service in the army, nor as a civilian in India; now, he told me, he kept it up in Whitehall, And indeed a single job was insufficient to absorb his energy and patriotic fervour when his third war came along: he worked part-time in a munitions factory and, inevitably, joined the Home Guard—thus adding the Defence Medal to his already distinguished array.

When he retired from the Civil Service in 1949 at the age of 70, Anderson's working life was by no means over. He obtained a new job at once in charge of a road crossing in Ealing, where for eight years he shepherded children across the busy main road. And then-by now a widower, and with his two girls long since married-he reckoned the time had come to call it quits at last. The Royal Hospital beckoned, and he duly made application in April, 1957. There was no doubt that he possessed the necessary qualifications: he was in receipt of a Service pension, he was now (at 78) "unable to earn his living" although "generally capable of looking after himself" and medically fit. He was "free from the liability of financially supporting a wife or children." And he was, rather easily, over 55, the minimum age acceptable—though applicants of such tender years are in practice seldom accepted, and the average age at entry is something over

There is invariably a waiting list for admission to the Hospital; at present, Brigadier Cuddon told me, he has about 80 names on it, and about that number of vacancies occur each year. Eligible applicants are not admitted, however, in exact order of application; a points system is operated under which those of exemplary character, and of very long service with the Colours, are given special precedence. Anderson, not surprisingly, scored just about the maximum points possible, and was consequently admitted after only four months.

Although the Hospital is organized on military lines—in six companies, each with its own officers and N.C.O.s-it is wrong to imagine that strict discipline is enforced, or that there is an onerous daily routine on the lines of an army barracks. The opposite is rather the case. With the exception of having to attend a pay parade each week and a church parade each fortnight, the In-Pensioner remains virtually a free agent, able to come and go almost as he pleases, and with virtually no restrictions on his day-to-day activities. He surrenders his army pension on entering the Hospital, receiving in return his board and lodging (the "berths" which I saw, 52 in each "long ward," reminded me of boys' roon - at Eton), his clothing, and a pint of beer a dest or the equivalent value in tobacco. But he will continue to receive any contributory persion and of course he may have savings of his own. He is not allowed to earn money outside the Hospital, but there are various internal dutieslibrarian, chapel clerk, usher-which carry remuneration. Or he may, like Anderson, be a Royal Hospital N.C.O., with administrative responsibilities for which extra payment is made. The Hospital sees to it that everyone has pocket money, anyway, one way or another, of at least £1 a week.

In the course of my most pleasant visit, I was able to catch briefly the wonderful feeling of fellowship and pride which imbues the Royal Hospital. Its esprit de corps is almost tangible. Anderson told me that he seldom, these days, goes beyond its bounds-"Them autoears is too quick for me"-except on special occasions: a British Legion party or a regimental reunion. He can find all he wants in the Hospital, with its library, its allotments, its bowling greens, and above all its Club, where there's a bar, a billiards room, a television room, a ladies' room, a lounge. The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is a place, I found, of active resignation, of benevolent acceptance. Sergeant Major Anderson, we know, like all his comrades, will of course never die. And I hope it will be many, many years before he fades away.





GAMESMANSH P

The English love to play the ...me. Tiddlywinks rates an annual tourna tent, roulette is absorbing enough to risk a feetune at the flirt of a ball. And now the it's possible to buy a made-to-measure g ning room you can stay at home and at leas save the taxi fare to Crockfords. Ma a-tomeasure gaming room from £1,000- by Lablanc who supply the makings for a same of chemmy/roulette/baccarat. Fur iture is handmade in 18th-century shape and Lablanc have thought of basically seful things like a push-around bar, a tique pistols too, plus a rich background to set it all off. Lablanc will go anywhere in the world, do any sort of room to suit. Their telephone number is Museum 3113, the address 251 Tottenham Court Road.

Gamesmanship at Asprey with a new backgammon board that can turntable to plain leather: £152 10s. plus chessmen: £42 10s. Gamesmanship at Fortnum & Mason who have a stunningly simple black and white bowling set for 1 guinea.

Gamesmanship at Harrods who stock those heavy, golden balls for the French game of Petanque that can even be played in a cobbled London mews: £5 10s. for a set of four, by Rollet. Roulette wheel (£5 9s. 6d.), baize (£1 4s. 6d.) and rake (£1 7s. 6d.) come from Harrods too.

Gamesmanship at Hermès who have a new design in French cards: 3 gns. for two packs in a case.

counterspy

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
microfilm
PRISCILLA CONRAN



FASHIONS BY ELIZABETH DICKSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY HARPUR
MINSTRELS PRESENTED BY ROBERT LUFF

Career girl suit gets show producer's approval. Full marks for the tailored black worsted with skirt buttoned on to red and white nylon organza blouse. Jacket lined in same fabric and matching buttoned scarf. From Mary Fair, Baker Street



Full crescendo with George Chisholm and Jazzers, the dress worth making a noise about. Silk sheath mounted on camisole top, black leather bow. In white with sooty black shilling spots. Susan Small at John Barkers, Kensington: £16 8s. 6d.

SPOTTED SPECTACULAR



A song of spots: Leslie Crowther and Margo Henderson sing the praises. White nylon organza for a first long dress with drifting skirt and many petticoats, tan dots and grosgrain band. By Jean Allen, 23½ gns.: Liberty

SPOTTED SPECTACULAR



Big focus on tiny spots. Midsummer ballgown in white net spotted with black velvet.
Crinoline ruffled with three layers of frill, waist in shiny patent. Her companions: principal soloists from the show. Belinda Bellville at Woollands: 65 gns. Suede gloves, Morley



Dotty hat, deliciously eye-catching in white straw and turquoise raffia. Worn with frilly Dacron blouse ruffled in broderie anglaise. Good friend: George Chisholm. Breton by Simone Mirman; blouse from Elizabeth Winter: 73s. 6d.

Backless beauty in grey coin-spotted organza gently fits the figure and ends in three tiers around hem. Demure front tie-fastening across the shoulders. Admirer: George Mitchell.

By Kiki Byrne, 18½ gns.

Spots on the run, pleated for easy flight. Suit with belted blouse top and pie-frill collar, fluttery skirt; both trimmed in black ribbon. Captured by the Mitchell Singers, Henri Gowns suit from Marshall & Snelgrove: about 23 gns.







Pick of the pack dress and jacket in navy silk, dress short-sleeved and belted, jacket buckle-fastened. Card players: the Minstrels and Toppers. Ascot outfit, Rocha: 66½ gns. Ace hat in olive straw, cyclamen flower brim by Peter Shepherd

SPOTTED SPECTACULAR





How to stand out in a crowd, on the spot here with Minstrels and Toppers. White silk two-piece, the skirt cut both ways—inverted panels of navy silk studded with white. Nettie Vogues at Selfridges Model Boutique: 22½ gns.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P. 500-1 Susan Small white silk dress at: Rothstones, Wilmslow; Chanal, Leeds.
 - Jean Allen organza ballgown at: Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Rence Mencely, Belfast.
- Henri Gowns suit at: Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Nettie Vogues silk two-piece at: Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; D'Arcy's of Chichester. P. 504
- P. 506

PLIS

Pat Wallace

BLITZ! ADELPHI THEATRE (AMELIA BAYNTUN, GRAZINA FRAME, THOMAS KEMPINSKI, BOB GRANT) ENGLAND OUR ENGLAND PRINCE'S THEATRE (ROY KINNEAR, MURRAY MELVIN, BARRIE INGHAM, BILLIE WHITELAW, ALISON LEGGATT)

One of ours

"IT'S ONE OF OURS!" WE USED TO SAY DURING the war at the sound of a lone aircraft, and now we can say it of this story of the East End at war, a musical full of vitality and punch, with all the confidence in the world. For Mr. Bart, who has written the music, the lyrics, the greater part of the book, and directed the production, is responsible for a full-blooded enter simment of which liveliness and unashamed senticent are the keynotes.

The music is tuneful, which is to say that it is pleas, it and a little reminiscent but so, if you ber, was Yes, We Have No Bananas. It ly has a swinging quality which is partilarly evident when the children take over two best numbers, We're Going to the in the and Mums and Dads. Children, Coun incide tally, are notorious scene-stealers and somet hes give performances of a repulsive , but not in this case. They are an intrin a part of the East End scene and therethe story, and all these child actors are The focal point of the play is Petticoat super

Lane and the only concession to the business of "going up West" is an admirable scene at Victoria Station.

This is a good moment to speak of Mr. Sean Kenny's part in the production: a part almost as important to Mr. Bart as Dickens was in his last play. Mr. Kenny's scenery, which is one of the sensations of the show, is terrific and, without any doubt, an essential part of Blitz's successful impact. It is solid yet magnificently mobile and its dramatic effect, as scene after scene is transformed in front of one's eyes, is incalculable. There is only one interior-unless one can count the platform of the Bank Underground Station during an air raid as an interior-and settings consist of streets, alleys, flights of iron staircases, roof playgrounds and markets; the inevitable drabness relieved by artful lighting and by the pyrotechnics of the raids themselves. notably an interlude of fire fighters in the middle of a heavy blitz. This is a scenic marvel of blinding, reddish smoke, explosions, flames, the long coils of fire hoses, chaos and, for an instant, a distant, familiar view of St. Paul's ringed with flames. After this, the dazed lull and the exhausted dawn. Mr. Bart and Mr. Kenny have produced a little wonder here.

In the big east Miss Amelia Bayntun as Mrs. Blitztein, matriarch of the Jewish family, and Mr. Bob Grant, at the age of 29 playing a middle-aged man with complete aplomb and credibility, as her constant enemy, take the honours as the author has intended. Their broad effects in this candidly sentimental story are just what is wanted. As to what we miss in this play, it is the suggestion of real terror and real pathos. The spectacle is there, the robust dancing and singing, the outline of a dramatic story, the dusting of humour, but there is nothing here for tears. And that, perhaps, is what will make the play run for months and months and months.

The authors of the sprightly new revue England Our England have one great asset: they are wonderfully acute observers of the contemporary scene, and if they observe it on

only one level—that of the newly affluent poor they do extract a good deal of humour and some finely pointed comment from that. From the first Song of the Underprivileged the scene is determinedly set against a drab background of back streets, tenement doorways and kitchens, which only the liveliness of the mainly young cast and the originality of the production redeems. The old form of revue with spectacular sets, much dancing, a well-drilled chorus line and a proportion of conventionally sentimental songs has gone. This one is in the new trend, where words are always more important than music. The theme is satirical without being savage; poking fun rather than slinging mud, and the result is an amiably enjoyable evening with a few flat moments and occasional sparkles of real wit, both in the sketches and the performances.

Miss Billie Whitelaw, Mr. Roy Kinnear and, surprisingly, Miss Alison Leggatt are the real stars of the show. Miss Whitelaw, pale, bouncy and versatile, shows real quality; Mr. Kinnear is deliciously and memorably funny and Miss Leggatt, obviously enjoying herself enormously, is brilliant on the two occasions when, alone on the stage, she shows her considerable gift for comedy.

Undoubtedly the hit of the show is the number, *Home Town*, in which the chubby Mr. Kinnear and the tall and stylish Mr. Barric Ingham sing the praises of such newly planned communities as Basildon and Stevenage. This is genuinely funny and deserved every decibel of its applause. So did a splendid sketch in a monumental mason's workshop with Mr. Kinnear robustly advising two young people, notably Mr. Murray Melvin, on the choice of gravestones. "You got your angel, you got your cherub, you got your urn, plain or fluted . . . a dove in flight on a plinth. . . ." It is impossible to convey the unction which he gets into the catalogue.

This is a revue of its period: slick but never, thank heavens, "sick" and, blessedly, free from clichés



In Paris, Cecil Beaton, who is designing the costumes for a Comédie Française production of The School For Scandal, finishes a fabulous hat

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES DIRECTOR JEAN-GABRIEL ALBICOCCO (MARIE LAFORET; PAUL GUERS, FRANCOISE PREVOST, FRANCOISE DORLEAC) THE MAGNIFICENT REBEL DIRECTOR GEORG TRESSLER (CARL BOEHM, GIULIA RUBINI, IVAN DESNY, OLIVER GRIMM)

Balzac would bellow

M. JEAN-GABRIEL ALBICOCCO'S FILM, The Girl With The Golden Eyes, has Paris in the year 1961 as its setting—and is "based on a story by Balzac, written in 1834 and dedicated to the painter, Delacroix": so I was told. I couldn't believe it—any more than I could believe that M. Jean-Pierre Mocky's Les Snobs was, as alleged, inspired by Thackeray's Book of Snobs, to which it bore not the slightest resemblance—but I couldn't, either, give the publicity man the lie direct without checking-up on the original work. Off I tripped, the light of battle in my eye, to that admirable institution, the Westminster Reference Library.

The ever-obliging and endlessly courteous staff in a trice unearthed for me the Balzac conte, La fille aux yeux d'or, which I found infinitely beguiling. M. Albicocco and his collaborator on the script, M. Pierre Pelegri, must, I have to admit, have read it—but why they had to modernize and otherwise tinker

with it I cannot think. They have robbed it of the period charm which would have excused the director's distinctly mannered style—and they have ruined the cool and flippant tone of the little 19th-century melodrama by introducing a note of atomic-age near-hysteria. What a pity— It could have been such fun.

In the film, Henri Marsay (M. Paul Guers) is a leading fashion photographer and, conveniently for him, the close friend of Eleonore San-Réal (sultry Mlle. Françoise Prevost), Paris fashion editress of an American magazine. He is a conceited and heartless eccentric with a maniacal laugh—and his success with the model girls whom he delights in tormenting is the envy and admiration of his devoted male cronies. For their and his own amusement, he undertakes to seduce "the girl with the golden eyes" (Mllc. Marie Laforet), an innocent-looking, mysterious and nameless young beauty who lives (under the protection of a person unknown) in a rum, Cocteau-esque apartment and keeps doves in her bedroom. To his astonishment (and mine, as she talks an awful lot of irritating drivel) he falls madly in love with the girl and can't wait to liberate her from the protector of whom she goes in fear. Well, what do you know? The protector turns out to be a protectress-none other than Eleonore San-Réal-and she is so fiercely possessive that she stabs the girl to death rather than surrender her to Henri.

The film, slightly confusing owing to erratic cutting, is beautifully photographed and has a

certain macabre fascination—but how could the director bear not to use the original twist to the tale? According to Balzac, the rich dandy, Henri de Marsay, and the Marquise de San-Réal—rivals for the love of Paquita, the girl with the golden eyes—are both illegitimate offspring of one, Lord Dudley. (We move here in the highest society.)

They meet for the first time the moment after the jealous marquise has plunged a dagger into Paquita's snowy bosom. They stare at one another in wild surmise and cry with one voice "Lord Dudley doit être votre père?" They seem to find some consolation in the fact that they were Paquita's only lovers: "Elle était fidèle au sang," says Henri complacently-after which they tacitly agree to forget the whole affair. A friend who, months later, asks Henri what has happened to Paquita receives the brief reply "Elle est morte." "De quoi?" enquires the friend. "De la poitrine," says Henri—a statement so sublimely cynical that one cannot refrain from laughing. M. Albicocco has substituted sentimentality for cynicism-his Henri weeps over the corpse of his mistress-and this, in the circumstances, is a downright crime.

Herr Carl Boehm, who plays Beethoven in The Magnificent Rebel, looks remarkably like the composer when young and, though severely handicapped by a pedestrian script, does contrive to suggest the genius contained in that leonine head. He cannot be blamed for the sad fact that, its glorious music apart, this is a pretty dull film. One has the impression that the scriptwriter, Miss Joanne Court, propably did a vast amount of earnest research an was deadly serious in her approach to her subject but was forced, for cinematic purposes, to emboider Beethoven's life story with unlikely inc lent. I may be wrong. For all I know, pechaps Beethoven did write part of the Pastoral symphony while sitting under a tree in the perring rain—and maybe the opening bars of Symi hony No. 5 were inspired by the knocking of an irate landlord on the composer's door. It just seems a little improbable to me.

The most effective moments in the film are those in which Beethoven is afflicted with deafness—partial and spasmodic at first, and later total. While he is conducting the overture to Fidelio, we share Herr Boehm's panic: the music fades away and surges up again in our ears as in his—until silence falls upon him and the tragic figure stumbles from the theatre. "Beethoven's deaf!" the members of the orchestra tell each other and us, quite unnecessarily. There are, I'm afraid, a good many unnecessary lines in the dialogue—some of them laughably inept.

Mr. Ivan Desny (he seems to crop up in every composer's life story) gives a worthy performance as Beethoven's loyal patron, Prince Lichnowsky—and Signorina Giulia Rubini looks beautiful as the Countess Giulietta to whom the composer dedicates the Moonlight Sonata: she changes her splendid hats frequently—and her facial expression never, which I have to confess I found a bit of a bore.



Grimy fight posters in a New York street are the background of an impromptu story conference between actor Anthony Quinn and producer David Susskind during the filming of Requiem For A Heavyweight. Mr. Susskind is now in London filming a series for the B.B.C.

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ROOKS

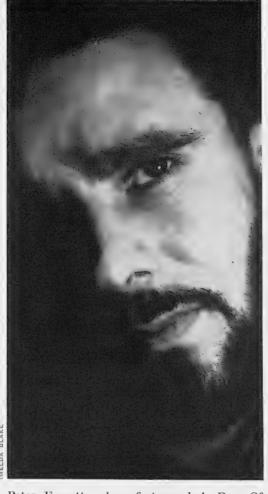
Siriol Hugh-Jones

THE DUCHESS OF DINO BY PHILIP ZIEGLER (COLLINS 28s.). THE MOTTLED LIZARD BY ELSPETH HUXLEY (CHATTO & WINDUS 21s.). THE INCOMPARABLE MAX (HEINEMANN 36s.). THE GRADUATE WIFE BY FREDERIC RAPHAEL (CASSELL 13s. 6d.). THE COCKNEY & THE CROCODILE BY CAROLINE GYE (FABER 25s.). THE THREE ROBBERS BY TOMI UNGERER (METHUEN, 12s. 6d.)

Duchess of Dinosaur

MAYBE AGREEABLE LADIES ARE IN SHORT supply, maybe tough, chilly ones are in the long run more rewarding material for biography; in any case, The Duchess Of Dino, by Philip Ziegler, has for its heroine a woman placed so near to history that she could hardly be ignored. This bleak, ambitious, rather intense person was Talleyrand's niece by marriage, his hostess and faithful companion, and most likely his mistress-a role in which her mother had preceded her. (Indeed the most electric, irresistible figure in the book, no matter how much Mr. Ziegler attempts to keep him in the background, is the ageing ladyexcommunicated ex-bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, the crippled magician about whom the Duke of Argyll wrote uncharitably "His complexion is that of a corpse considerably advanced in corruption.")

Macome de Dino had enormous blackberry eyes (Eyes burning with an infernal brilliance which turned night into day" said Sainte Beuve in transport) and a long, thin, inquiring nose, ad there is an astonishingly pinuppy pieturof her at the age of seven opening her eves ry wide and cuddling a dove. The Congres of Vienna was the scene of her earliest trium s and from then on there was no holding e was very serious about her own importan and was apt to brace others with brisk bout fame, honour and posterity-"If, like ye i, one belongs to history," she wrote master ally to Talleyrand, "one should think of no oth r future save that which history prepares.' Madame de Dino's arranged marriage fixed by Talleyrand—was disastrous, and many of her contemporaries were pleasurably scandalized by her later love-affairs, yet the flaws in her character seem to me to lie more in the



Peter Everett, whose first novel A Day Of Dwarfs (16s.) has just been published by Neville Spearman, is known to radio and TV fans for such plays as Day at Izzard's Wharf (which had a stage production in February), and To See Marx's Tomb. Aged 31, he went to Hull Grammar School, and had early poems, written in railway stations and bar-rooms, published in Encounter

direction of bossiness, priggishness, and a dreadful basic chill. Mr. Ziegler admires her and does his honest best to persuade us to his point of view. This is a pleasantly written book that wears its scholarship easily, and maybe one shouldn't be so bothered to find an unnecessary "s" on the George belonging to Sand.

The Mottled Lizard is the second volume of Elspeth Huxley's beautifully organized, vivid and unemotional reminiscences of her early life in Kenya, sharp with a sort of affectionate, indulgent irony and full of birds and animals. The Incomparable Max is something I'm surprised hasn't happened before—an excellent anthology of those beautiful, easy, adorably funny pieces that have a stately sprightliness that is nobody else's. The Beerbohm eyes, as large and lustrous as the Duchess of Dino's but a good deal wittier, look out from the back cover, the head frail as a moth's. I love him for knowing exactly his own limitations, for never attempting anything but a microscopic perfection, for writing so little and so well.

Frederic Raphael's The Graduate Wife is an interesting novel I do not perfectly understand. It is about an odious young woman who while at Oxford makes friends with a group of young men called "the gangsters," and even after her own marriage never wants to give up their immature, puppyish devotion. A car accident produces results in a strange and to me fairly incredible pass from the driver, and whether this incident is meant to improve Joyce's repellent temperament I cannot be sure. What is without a doubt is that Mr. Raphael has written a marvellously catty study of a certain kind of pretentious, discontented, narrow-minded and narcissistic Englishwoman he appears to dislike as much as I do. "There doesn't seem to be a woman of intelligence within miles," says Joyce to one of the gangsters, "Certainly no one with a degree." There is the authentic tone of voice that arouses murder and worse.

Caroline Gye's The Cockney & The Crocodile is an astonishingly cheerful, jaunty, humble and likeable book by an ophthalmologist about an extended journey on the track of trachoma among the aboriginals in Australia. It is touching and energetic and sincere and full of engaging stories, my favourite being about how the author undressed for three daughters of the Bey of Tunis who longed to know how her stockings stayed up: "They had, however, politely undressed too for my benefit and displayed to my surprise little moleskin bras with the fur on." Lastly, there is an adorable children's book by Tomi Ungerer called The Three Robbers who are reformed by the good influence of a blonde orphan child they capture. The pictures have a mad gaiety, and anyway Ungerer is the hero who wrote a book about the likeable snake Crictor, known, I have no doubt, to all. The Robbers cheered me a lot after the "horrible little serpent" Dorothea de Dino.

RECERS

Gerald Lascelles

CLOSEUP IN SWING BY ERROLL GARNER

Garter for Garner

THE BIGGEST MUSICAL TREAT OF THE YEAR IN jazz promises to be the first appearance by Erroll Garner (right) in Britain next Saturday, when he opens an all too short tour with an afternoon concert at the Royal Festival Hall. He wisely insists that he will not appear more than once daily, so that his next appearance is



in London again on Sunday evening. Appropriately Philips have released a new album Closeup in Swing (BBL7519), which registers his return to the recording studio after a gap

of nearly four years. I admire Erroll for the way in which he has overcome his earlier contractual problems regarding the issue of what he considered to be sub-standard material. A firm stop has been put to this nonsense—one which besets many a jazzman of repute after he has achieved fame—by the control of all his new recorded works through a separate company, Octave Records, who hand out the approved masters to the various firms who have agreed to release them all over the world.

As a pianist Garner has few equals in my eyes today. His full-fisted style stems from the Harlem school of the '20s, which gave us James

Ten" on more than one occasion, notably with a theme called *Misty*.

Erroll's new album displays all these facets, proving that the passage of time does not create severe, or for that matter even noticeable, changes in his style. He went through a period when most of his work reduced itself to "cocktail" piano, but that was over 10 years ago, and the maturity that the intervening years have brought to his playing is evident in this 1961 music. His lengthy St. Louis Blues track, which opens like a bolero, is a masterly interpretation of a much-used tune, and vies with Earl Hines's equally imaginative treatment of the same theme as a final statement of this blues classic. Excursions in rhythm have always been Garner's biggest fun, and he clearly enjoys himself when playing El Papa Grande, a mambo piece which reminds me of

his much earlier album Mambo Moves Garner, a Mercury release of four or five years ago. No one is better than Erroll at dressing up the conventional tune, as typified by the way he treats *The Best Things In Life Are Free.* In leaning over backwards to retain the theme he excels himself both rhythmically and melodically.

His final roof-raiser—Back In Your Own Backyard—leaves no doubt in my mind that he plays better rhythm piano than anyone working today. His uncanny sense of jazz has kept him to the fore where the dictates of changing fashion would normally have relegated him to the past many years ago. He has been described as "... the last of the great individuals in jazz." The epithet deserves to stick, though I hope for obvious reasons that it will be disproven down the years!

CALLERIES

Robert Wraight

ECOLE DE PARIS TATE GALLERY

Sir John - prophet

to maintain the ascendancy of Paris, and one of the means they employ is to foster the notion that Paris is the breeding-ground and shopwindow of the latest innovation. The only innovations of value, however, are those which originate with men of serious talent, and the truth is that Paris is short of serious talent. But the show must go on, and if there is not enough serious talent, then mere talent and mere taste and sometimes even effrontery must serve.

"That there flourish in Paris artists of rare gifts needs hardly be said. Giacometti, to give one outstanding example, is happily at the height of his powers, but such artists are hopelessly inadequate to the mass requirements of the great commercial machine. In the relative paucity of serious talent, this machine mostly supplies modish novelties. Paris is therefore lending the magic of its prestige neither to original creation nor to a tradition but predominantly fostering the heresy of 'progress,' and such is still the magic of this prestige that Parisian novelties are liable to be more highly regarded than the products of serious talent which make their appearance in some other place.

"Formerly Paris set certain standards against which the attainments of other national schools might be measured. Since the beginning of the Second World War it has been the case only in a sharply diminishing degree; of recent years it has been true no longer. Where today British, Italian, American and other painters and sculptors working outside Paris are influenced by Paris, it is by the Paris of the masters of the past, and little, if at all, by the Paris of today...."

I quote the above as the best review of the Arts Council's exhibition now at the Tate. Appropriately it was written by Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery. But it was written five years ago and is, in fact, part of the introductory text to his newly published book, British Art Since 1900 (Phaidon, 60s.). It sums up with an extraordinary accuracy exactly what I felt after leaving the exhibition and the specific reference to Giacometti is uncannily apposite, for a few of that artist's works have been added to the show since I saw it (they are not listed in the catalogue) in a last minute endeavour to make the thing less trivial.

M. François Mathey, Conservateur of the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, who chose the pictures, calls the School of Paris "a marvellous hotch-potch." He has deliberately omitted from his choice the work of those masters—Picasso, Braque, Léger, Chagall, Matisse, Rouault—who, as Sir John implies, are still "the Ecole de Paris" to most of us. Thus we have the hotch-potch with few, if any, of the marvels.

British Art Since 1900 is largely a picture book. The text is only 34 pages long but covers the ground adequately for the lay reader. In his choice of illustrations and in his text Sir John frankly displays his own prejudices, sometimes easily understandable ones (as when he gives two full pages to illustrating the work of his father, Sir William Rothenstein, and mentions him several times in his introduction) but occasionally ones that are harder to take (an illustration of the work of Allan Gwynne-Jones, A.R.A., but only a mention of Ruskin Spear, R.A., and not even that of Carel Weight, A.R.A.).

Apart from the quotation I have given above, however, the most interesting thing Sir John has to say concerns our attitude—the professional critic's and that of "the average person interested in the arts"—to the more outlandish manifestations of contemporary painting and sculpture. Where, in the past, our

reaction to anything new was "unthinking resistance" it is now "unthinking acceptance," he says. And adds:

"So intimidating is this new disposition that moral courage is required to reject it and still more to treat it with levity, however ludierous it be."

It may come as a surprise to many people to read this sort of thing from the Direct or of the Tate Gallery. I only hope it will be read and heeded by the humourless gentlemes who write about art in "quality" Sunday news pers and such publications as the Arts Revie:



Le Professeur Honorifus, by Gaston Chaissac, in the Ecole de Paris exhibition at the Tate

GOOD LOOKS



BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Some sing, some sleep, some read but others work hard at promoting an all-over smooth skin in the bath. Take it nice and easy with a book, a stick-on pillow plus a sybaritic fragrance.

In the summertime there's nothing more refreshing than a lemony cologne coolness to the water. A new one is named Pffut cologne by Roger & Gallet which can be sprayed into the water as you step in, on to the skin when you step out.

In the summertime there's nothing more indulgent than a bath oil mixed to the exact proportions of a scent—like Balmain's Jolie Madame, Guerlain's No. 90 & Mitsouko, Balenciaga's Quadrille & Le Dix, Worth's Je Reviens and a Cleopatra tub can be faked with Estée Lauder's Creamy Milk Bath.

Some don't care for all the scents of Araby in a bath tub and prefer something as revivifying as a brisk splash in the sea. Circulation can be stimulated with Floris bath soap and whisk which is lathered on, or a loofah, or one of those stringed bath mitts.

Making a splash in the picture: biggest swansdown puff in a beautiful spring lilac: 45s. Huge sponge: 4 gns. Bath soap bowl and whisk: 3 gns., all from Floris of Jermyn Street. Tall antique-looking Italian bath salts jar (£3 19s. 6d.) and tale bowl (£1 19s. 6d.) from Harrods. Pffut cologne by Roger & Gallet: 31s. 6d. Last word on fresheners: Yardley make frosty bottles for their Red Roses after-bath freshener. Hermès make a tall, swinging green bottle of cologne that wouldn't last a summer, it's so delicious. Revlon have Aquamarine, Elizabeth Arden Mémoire Chérie Flower Mist...





Gun on shoulder, the Maharajah sets out



En route to Rajasthan in the Maharajah's rail coach equipped with dining car. Right: The Maharajah's son with a bearer. Below: The approach to Queen's Park on the game reserve





THE MAHARAJAH'S DATE WITH A TIGER

Few things in modern India provide a more evocative link with the days of the Raj than a full-scale tiger hunt. This one was organized by Jai Singh, Maharajah of Jaipur, at Sawai Madhopur, his game reserve in Rajasthan. The place has been renamed Queen's Park in honour of last year's Royal tour and the tiger shot there by the Duke of Edinburgh

PHOTOGRAPHS: FEDERICO PATELLAN!



Disappointment—the Maharajah's cough had disturbed the tiger and sent it loping off through the forest. There were no trophies that day



The Maharajah's subjects give the party the traditional "namaste" salute. Below: Observation elephant for non-shooting guests





Bearers point the way. Below: Monkeys scatter at the approach of the Maharajah's shooting party



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OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

Charles (2), the son of the Hon. Christopher & Mrs. James, of Trevor Square, S.W.7



Amanda (six months) and Charlotte (4), daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Hew Billson, of Wivelsfield Green, Sussex



Catherine (5), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Jones, of Bramerton Street, S.W.3



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MOTORING

Under four-figure luxury



16/60 Wolseley, rated an outstanding buy for comfort and equipment at £936

A GREAT MANY MOTORISTS ARE LOOKING FOR new cars around the four figure mark, preferably some £50 or so below it so that certain sary extras can be included without ding the round thousand. One of the best cars a this category I have tried for a long time new 16/60 Wolseley. At its post-Budget price of £936 I rate this an outstanding buy. Alth ugh similar in appearance and general ication to other models in the British spec Mot Corporation's current range, its excellent finis and comprehensive equipment stamp it with he traditional quality for which the name Wol ley has long been noted. It has, for instance, leather upholstery to the wearing part of the seating-and that alone is worth quite something. Real hide is often listed as a expensive extra and yet offers so much satis action to the owner that it is well worth his while paying for it. Then, too, there is walnut veneer to the fascia and door cappings on the Wolseley, again a thing that adds greatly to pride of ownership. The pile carpets also, and the inclusion of a heater, are features often not included in the list price. The only items that figure in the Wolseley 16/60 specification under the heading of optional extras are radio, duotone body colours, rimbellishers, wheel dises and automatic transmission. Also, I notice, laminated glass to the windscreen, and that might well be an option that would turn the scale in a potential buyer's mind-I know from the correspondence I receive that many drivers are scared of the result of a toughened screen shattering while travelling fast on a crowded road. True, many makes are now being fitted with the Triplex "zone toughened" glass, which leaves a reasonably transparent section in front of the driving seat, but the fact

remains that a shattered screen while on tour is a confounded nuisance and the laminated type of safety glass does prevent it happening.

In this 16/60 model, engine power has been stepped up as compared with the previous 15/60 by increasing the capacity of the four cylinders. They have been opened out to bring the volume swept by the pistons to 1.6 litres as against the 1,487 c.c. of the "B" series unit. This has raised the power output by no less than 10 b.h.p., to 61 b.h.p., with no increase in the compression ratio. I stress this, as there has been a general tendency to take it above 9 to 1, which is liable to result in a certain loss of tractability—the engine is prone to stall on the slightest provocation when letting the clutch in, and that is most irritating to the driver. The Wolseley 16/60 retains the 8.3 to 1 ratio which was so satisfactory on the preceding model, while the additional horse-power has provided that extra bit of accelerative urge so helpful in coping with modern traffic conditions.

The normal transmission on the Wolseley is a 4-speed gearbox with change speed lever in the centre of the floor. This offers suitable top, third and second ratios—on third the car will do a full mile a minute, while on top I was able to get the speedometer above 80 m.p.h. Second gear is helpful when getting away after a traffic jam, and bottom is useful for starting off on steep hills or for keeping speed to a crawl when descending them-it would be better still if it were fitted with synchromesh like the three upper ratios. Many buyers of a car of this type will, however, probably opt for the Borg-Warner automatic transmission which costs £93 10s. extra, inclusive of purchase tax. It is especially helpful when a good part of one's driving takes place in cities or large towns.

Comfort is a strong point about the Wolseley, and the individual, separately adjustable front seats could rightly be termed luxurious. If they are set side by side, in alignment, a third person can easily be accommodated. A centre folding armrest is fitted in the rear seat squab, and the passengers in these seats have armrests on the doors. Under the fascia panel is a convenient parcels tray, and there is also a lockable cubbyhole in the dash. What particularly impressed me on the road was the "safe" feeling of the car. It held the road well, and the improvements which have been carried out to the suspension on this latest model are notable. Though my trial of it was comparatively brief, I conceived a great liking for the 16/60 Wolseley.

For a long time I have been seeking a compass to mount inside the car which would give my general direction when there was no sun to guide me and the road was unfamiliar. Electric currents and magnetic fields can distort the average compass, but one instrument which has come my way has a compensating device and has proved very satisfactory on my own ear-the No. 5000 Polco, supplied by the Pool Clock Co., 90 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1, at 35s.

Walnut-veneered fascia of the Wolseley





Cubitt—Conolly-Carew;
Celia Mary, daughter of
Col. the Hon. Guy &
Mrs. Cubitt, of High
Barn, Effingham,
Surrey, was married to
the Hon. Patrick Thomas
Conolly-Carew, son of
Lord & Lady Carew, of
Castletown, Cellia Ige,
Co. Kildare, at St.
Margaret's, Westmi ister





Ormerod — Allfrey:
Susanna Gabrielle Ormerod, daughter of the late Capt. G. W. D. Ormerod, and the Countess of Caithness, of Baille na Coile, Balmoral, Aberdeenshire, was married to Peter, son of Captain Basil Allfrey, of Vienna, and Lady Holman, of Bohunt, Liphook, Hants, at St. James's, Piccadilly

Scicluna—Nelson: Patricia Barbera, daughter of Major & Mrs. H. A. Scicluna, of Sliema, Malta, was married to Lieutenant Peter Geoffrey Nelson, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. T. Nelson, of New Longton, Lancashire, at St. James's, Spanish Place





Esterhazy - Elliot: Countess Bunny Esterhazy, daughter of Count Thomas Esterhazy, of Geneva, and of Mrs. Arpad Plesch, of Beaulieu-sur-Mer, France, was married to the Hon. Dominic Elliot, son of the Earl & Countess of Minto, of Braehead, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.

Trapani-Longbottom: Anita, daughter of Mr. G. Trapani, of Villa Clementina, Sorrento, Italy, and of Mrs. Basil Mavroleon, of Grosvenor Square, W.1, was married to Mr. Charles Brooke Longbottom, M.P., son of the late Mr. W. E. Longbottom and of Mrs. E. B. Longbottom, of Holbeck Hill, Scarborough, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy





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GOLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY Albert Adair

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RECENTLY I OVERHEARD ONE LADY TRY TO impress on another that a pot-pourri container fashioned from a coloured stone was French. Such a conclusion could easily be reached as she was no doubt influenced by the ormolu in which the stone was mounted, though in fact the stone was Derbyshire Spar. This is a coloured crystalline stone, shaded from blue, green and yellow to rich amethyst purple, that has been found only in the caverns of the Tray Cliffs at Castleton. Large quantities were exported to France where it was mounted in ormolu and then the ornaments were reexported to England. In France the Spar was known as Bleu-Jaune, which when anglicized became Blue John.

According to Ralph Edwards in the *Dictionary* of English Furniture, records show that Blue John was not used in England until after 1743,

the year of its discovery by Lord Duncannon. This happened quite by chance, for it was when out riding in Middleton Dale that his horse's shoe accidentally struck a piece of rock. Very soon this unique product of the Derbyshire caverns was being mined on a considerable scale and exported to France. However, Matthew Boulton, who developed and produced fine wares in ormolu at his Soho Works near Birmingham from 1762, became a serious challenger to the French ormolu market. He enriched Blue John ornaments such as candelabra, vases, urns and cassolets with fine ormolu and occasionally received sketches from Robert Adam. Shown are two fine examples of Derbyshire Spar candelabra from the collection of II.R.H. the Princess Royal; photographed by courtesy of Messrs. Frank Partridge, London, W.1.

Right: Purple-splashed Spar vase and cover for a candelabrum in the style of Boulton, 24½ inches high. Top: Urn-shaped Spar vases mounted in ormolu, supported on a circular Spar pillar for a pair of candelabra 19 inches high





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GRAPHOLOGY is the greatest and most helpful of all Sciences. Interpretation of

OUR MAIN CROP STRAWBERRIES ARE BY NO means ready yet, but we have been enjoying imported ones for weeks and weeks. As far back as a month ago I was offered home-grown strawberries—at a price. My complaint against our own early varieties, in particular those which are specially forced, is that they are often picked before they have developed that really

sweet and beautiful "perfume" without which there is little point in buying them. Before long, however, good British strawberries as well as the imported ones will be available. Each of the following recipes requires fully ripe fruit.

The first is strawberries with a kind of modern syllabub poured over them. For 4 servings, hull $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ripe strawberries. Turn them into a basin and sprinkle sugar to taste through them. Leave for 24 hours to allow the sugar to "ease out" their juice. Gently pressing a few of the berries will start the juices flowing. Have ready 3 pint (or more) of double cream which has been in the refrigerator for two days so that it is certain to have thickened. Drain the juice from the strawberries and add a teaspoon of lemon juice to it.

Put 2 tablespoons of this mixture into a basin with the cream and a tablespoon of Cointreau or Grand Marnier and whisk to a softish peak stage. The cream will probably take twice as

APART FROM BEING THE ONLY PLACE IN LONDON

where it is not rude to stare, Madame Tussaud's

is especially intriguing to those who are

interested in clothes. In many cases those who

are to be modelled send a suit of their own, or

else Tussaud's go to the tailor who clothes the

personality in question. As the body measure-

ments of the models are taken with at least as

much care as at a tailor's, the clothes fit

impeceably; further, people who would not

employ a valet in real life find that their portrait

models enjoy every attention. The hair-

supplied by Continental nunneries-is sham-

him much of his air of Edwardian panache.

Lord Home and Mr. Thorneycroft are both

pleased to admit that they wear "off-the-peg"

suits, Mr. Thorneycroft's being supplied by

Montague Burton's Abergavenny branch. Lord

Hailsham wears fine lace-up boots, as well as

lace-up trousers. Mr. Marples-ever a friend

to hard-working journalists-is to be seen

much of the juice, but add it gradually once the mixture has reached the soft peak stage but is still flowing. Turn the slightly chilled strawberries and any remaining juice into a serving-dish and, at the last minute, pour the pinky cream over them.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT is simply a frozen strawberry cream and the point about this one is that it can be made in the refrigerator without the need to stir the mixture during its freezing. Set the refrigerator at the desired coldness for quick freezing.

For 4 servings, hull a generous pound of ripe strawberries. Mash them to a pulp (or put them into an electric blender) then rub them through a fairly fine sieve to catch the seeds. Dissolve 4 oz. of sugar in 4 tablespoons of water over a low heat, then boil the syrup, without stirring, until it reaches the soft ball stage. Meanwhile, whip 2 egg whites (standard size) and a pinch of salt until stiff but not cotton-woolly. Pour the syrup into them and whip rapidly until this meringue is quite cold. Add and mix in the strawberry purée and then fold in 8 oz. of double cream, first whipped until it will just hold a peak. Turn the mixture into the refrigerator tray, place it in the ice-making compartment and leave to freeze firmly. Turn the temperature to "normal' 2 to 3 hours before serving.

Turn it on to a shallow glass serving-dish and. for special occasions, garnish it with ripe perfectly-shaped whole strawberries which have rested in a little port with a sprinkling of sugar.

There must be many STRAWBERRY FLANS. They have the advantage of being very easy to make and the flan shells themselves can be prepared well in advance. They always seem to be much more appreciated than simple strawberries and cream. Bake a flan shell, 7 to 8 inches in diameter, from good, rich, flan pastry (plain flour, an egg yolk, &c.). When cold, cover the bottom with the following: Mix together in a small pan 1 egg yolk, 11 oz. of plain flour and 1½ oz. of sugar. Beat them well together. Mix in 6 oz. of fairly hot milk, then simmer the sauce to cook the flour. Wet a level teaspoon of powdered gelatine in a dessertspoon of water, stir it into the hot sauce and dissolve it over a low heat. Stand the pan in cold water or water and ice cubes and stir until its contents are cold.

On this creamy filling, arrange really ripe uncooked strawberries, close together in one layer to fill the flan. Dissolve 2 to 3 tables ons of red-currant jelly over a low heat. becomes cold but before it thickens again, soon it over the strawberries to give them a osy glaze all over.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

wearing a suit made by Hector Powe; it is in fact the uniform designed for postmen, doublebreasted in grey flannel, but worn, in the ex-Postmaster General's case, without the braiding. The Prime Minister and President Kennedy are dressed by the same tailor, John Morgan.

The American Presidents are a varied assembly. President Truman was once called "the worst-dressed man in Madame Tussaud's," but now he seems to have stiff opposition. President Eisenhower is wearing a grey doublebreasted suit with emphatically wide lapels. President Kennedy is, fairly obviously, the most fashionably dressed, in a two-button dark grey pinstripe—a taste shared, oddly enough, by Marshal Bulganin who stands well to the east of him. Malenkov is shown in a hideous square suit; Mr. Khruschev, however, looks rather smarter than life. Incidentally, there are two ominous footprints to the left of this Russian group-apparently Tussaud's have been doing a little liquidation of their own.

Sir Walter Scott, in the literary tableau, has just entered good company in the library. He wears shooting clothes and his dog is about to present George Bernard Shaw with a dead pheasant. Shaw's suit was made in 1928, but the Norfolk jacket would be acceptable in shooting circles today, though Sir Walter's might scare 20th-century birds a little.

Mahatma Gandhi wears his own dhoti; a

Valet's Valhalla

pocket watch hangs from his waist, stopped at four o'clock-the hour of Rama. In the now business section, Jimmy Edwards wear an ebullient brown pinstripe and a handlebar dub tie; Tony Hancock a sports jacket and black chunky jersey; Richard Dimbleby is dignified in a navy double-breasted suit and elaret tie. Tommy Steele is portrayed in costume-white satin ruffled shirt and bright blue trousers. The Sunningdale Golf Club allowed Kenneth More to wear their tie without a committee meeting. In the sporting section, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn is the most resplendent; most of the others look as if they would be glad to get into tracksuits.

The Chamber of Horrors presents a wider range of period clothes, and if the management did allow people to spend the night there, I think a tailor would have the worst time of it. Neville Heath willed his suit to the Exhibition, and Alfred Rouse is especially macabre as he wears the suit in which he murdered an unknown man in a burning car.

The clothes last better than in real life. A figure may stay in good condition for up to twenty years, but it's seldom required to as very few people retain their fame over that period. A notable exception is Sir Winston Churchill who has been modelled five or six times, and has earned the comfort of a chair, on which he sits in Garter Robes; he will clearly remain in the exhibition as long as it exists.

pooed regularly. The hands-generally east from life-are manieured. The shoes are polished. It's probable that those confronted by their likeness for the first time would concede it points for grooming. The Cabinet group is an interesting one. Half its members seem to favour double-breasted suits, and only six sport breast-pocket handkerchiefs. The Prime Minister wears an OE tie and a high buttoning waistcoat that gives

Helen Burke



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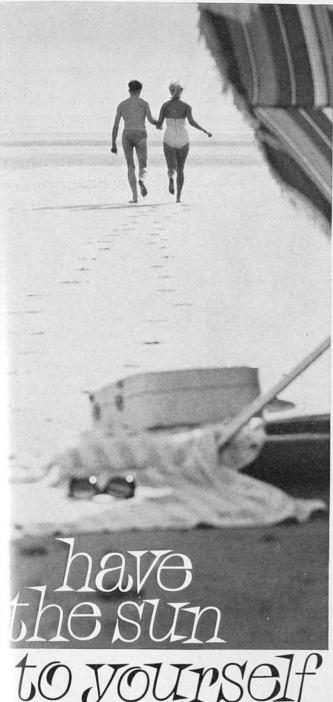
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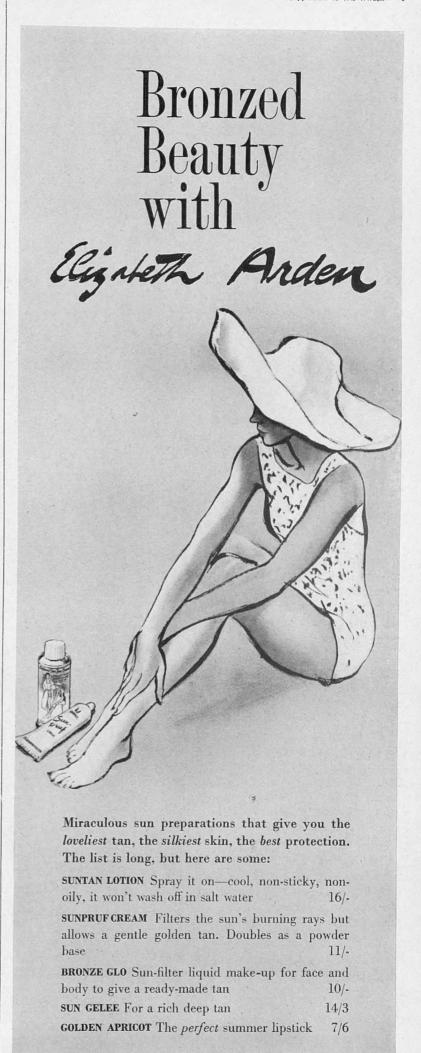
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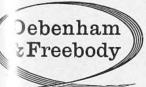
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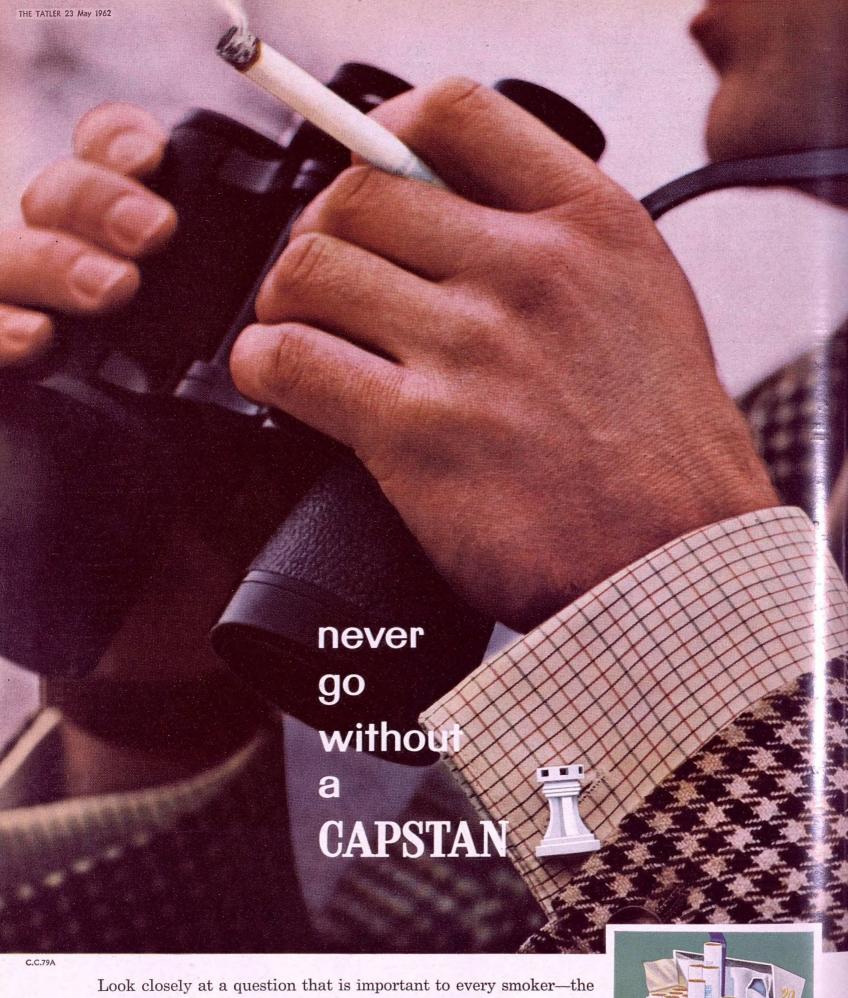
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